

*Tailor.* Wel, we will talke more of this, when the solemnity  
Is past; But have you a full promise of her?

*Enter Daughter.*

When that shall be seene, I tender my consent.

*Wooc.* I have Sir; here shee comes.

*Tailor.* Your Friend and I have chanced to name  
You here, upon the old busines: But no more of that.  
Now, so soone as the Court hurry is over, we will  
Have an end of it: I th meane time looke tenderly  
To the two Prisoners. I can tell you they are princes.

*Daug.* These strewings are for their Chamber; tis pittie they  
Are in prison, and twer pittie they should be out: I  
Doe thinke they have patience to make any aduersity  
Asham'd; the prison it selfe is proud of 'em; and  
They have all the world in their Chamber.

*Tailor.* They are fam'd to be a paire of absolute men.

*Daug.* By my troth, I think Fame but flammers 'em, they  
Stand a greife above the reach of report. *(doers,*

*Iai.* I heard them reported in the Battaile, to be the only

*Daug.* Nay most likely, for they are noble sufferers; I  
Mervaille how they would have lookd had they beene  
Victors, that with such a constant Nobility, enforce  
A freedome out of Bondage, making misery their  
Mirth, and affliction, a toy to jest at.

*Tailor.* Doe they so?

*Daug.* It seemes to me they have no more sence of their  
Captivity, then I of ruling Athens: they eate  
Well, looke merrily, discourse of many things,  
But nothing of their owne restraint, and disasters:  
Yet sometime a devided sigh, martyrd as twer  
I th deliverance, will breake from one of them.  
When the other presently gives it so sweete a rebuke,  
That I could wish my selfe a Sigh to be so chid,  
Or at least a Sigher to be comforted.

*Wooc.* I never saw 'em.

*Tailor.* The Duke himselfe came privately in the night,

*Enter Palamon, and Arcite, above.*

And so did they, what the reason of it is, I

Know

Know not: Looke yonder they are; that's

*Arcite* lookes out.

*Daug.* No Sir, no, that's *Palamon*: *Arcite* is the  
Lower of the twaine; you may perceiue a part  
Of him.

*Iai.* Goe too, leave your pointing; they would not  
Make us their object; out of their sight.

*Daug.* It is a holliday to looke on them: Lord, the  
Diffrence of men. *Exeunt.*

Scena 2. *Enter Palamon, and Arcite in prison.*

*Pal.* How doe you Noble Cosen?

*Arcite.* How doe you Sir?

*Pal.* Why strong inough to laugh at misery,  
And beare the chance of warge yet, we are prisoners  
I feare for ever Cosen.

*Arcite.* I beleeeve it,  
And to that destiny have patiently  
Laide up my houre to come.

*Pal.* Oh Cosen *Arcite*,  
Where is Thebes now? where is our noble Country?  
Where are our friends, and kindreds? never more  
Must we behold those comforts, never see  
The hardy youthes strive for the Games of honour  
(Hung with the painted favours of their Ladies)  
Like tall Ships under saile: then start amongst 'em  
And as an Eastwind leave 'em all behinde us,  
Like lazy Clowdes, whilst *Palamon* and *Arcite*,  
Even in the wagging of a wanton leg  
Out-strip the peoples praises, won the Garlands,  
Ere they have time to wish 'em ours. O never  
Shall we two exercise, like Twyns of honour,  
Our Armes againe, and feele our syry horses  
Like proud Seas under us, our good Swords, now  
(Better the red-eyd god of war nev'r were)  
Bravishd our sides, like age must run to rust,  
And decke the Temples of those gods that hate us,

D 2

These